

THE
Chap-Book
SEMI-MONTHLY

Contents for September 1, 1894

THE WALK	CLINTON SCOLLARD
AUTOGRAPH POEM	GERTRUDE HALL
THE VERSES OF MISS GERTRUDE HALL	BLISS CARMAN
IN HELEN'S LOOK	LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON
BY THE LITTLE WHITE PAN	PIERRE LA ROSE
A TITLEPAGE DESIGN	MARTIN MOWER
EPITAPH OF AN ACTOR	RICHARD BURTON
NOTES	
ANNOUNCEMENTS	

PRICE 5 CENTS

\$1.00 A YEAR

Published by
Stone & Kimball
Chicago

SUMMER READING

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND LLOYD OSBOURNE

THE EBB-TIDE, a Story of Adventure in the South Seas.
16mo, 200 pages. Cloth. \$1.25.

EUGENE FIELD.

THE HOLY CROSS AND OTHER TALES. With decorations by
L. J. Rhead. 2d edition. 16mo, 192 pages. Cloth. \$1.25.In some of his more serious work Mr. Field reminds one of certain French writers of short stories,—of Coppée frequently, and sometimes even of Maupassant.—*The Critic*.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

MAIN-TRAVELLED ROADS. Six Stories of the Mississippi Valley.
New edition, with an introduction by W. D. Howells. Illustrated.
16mo, 252 pages. Buckram. \$1.25.Mr. Hamlin Garland's name is new, but his work is finished of its kind. He is a realist. His stories are all of the Mississippi valley, but full of variety. They are fit to rank with the best continental work of the kind.—*New York Tribune*.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE BUILDING OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL. A Romance.
2d edition. 16mo, 192 pages. Cloth. \$1.50.It is one of the most powerful prose poems of our times, and alone would give the author a permanent place in literature.—*The Arena*.

LYNN R. MEEKINS.

THE ROBB'S ISLAND WRECK AND OTHER SHORT STORIES. 16mo, 192 pages. Cloth. \$1.00.

This is one of the daintiest, brightest story books of the year.

—*Brooklyn Standard-Union*.

LOUISE TAYLOR.

HIS BROKEN SWORD. A Novel. Introduction by Edward Everett
Hale. 3d edition. 12mo. Cloth. 355 pages. \$1.25.It is a book of unusual merit and interest throughout, written with an evident but very noble purpose, . . . devoid of all cant and sentimentality, and a worthy contribution to modern fiction.—*Open Court*, Chicago.

NORMAN GALE.

A JUNE ROMANCE. 2d edition. 16mo. \$1.00. The first edition, although issued in 1892, is already one of the scarcest and most valuable of recent publications.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

PLAYS: An Unhistorical Pastoral; A Romantic Farce; Bruce, a Chronicle Play; Smith, a Tragic Farce; Scaramouch in Naxos, a Pantomime. With frontispiece and cover design by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. Small 4to, 294 pages. Cloth. \$2.00.

Published by STONE & KIMBALL, the Caxton Building, Chicago.

THE CHAP-BOOK

NUMBER 8

SEPTEMBER 1ST

THE WALK

I WOULD go forth among the hills
The green, crest-climbing lane along,
For now the cup that morning fills
Is brimmed with light and song.

And I would hail as "comrade mine"
Each soul soe'er that seeks and sees
The overtures of One divine
In dawn's antiphonies.

Up shall we mount until we find
The pinnacle of prospect won,
And see the sinuous stream unwind
Its silver in the sun.

Our spirits, purified of haste,
By dews of freedom cleansed of care,
Shall laugh, and leap anew, to taste
The largess of the air.

The wide outreachings of our sight
Yon purple ridges shall not bind,
But only some Andean height
Horizoning the mind.

By radiant apotheosis
To Eden earth shall seem re-born:
So shall we find the chrism of bliss
Upon the hills of morn.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Well to remember standing in the light
Of Fortune's smile - so sweet, one dreams it true!
I knew that, in shadow with the countless fight
Discouraging at their hopes - forever new.

Good to remember, groping in the night
To find the passage, leading from despair;
I knew that often walk on a sunlit height,
Rejoicing ~~in~~ the prospect, the pure air...

Gustave Hall

VERSES

BY

GERTRUDE HALL

MISS GERTRUDE HALL'S VERSES

A FEW years ago *The Century Magazine*, always so ready to recognize to the best of its ability conspicuous merit, however little famous or even unknown, conferred a peculiar honor upon Miss Gertrude Hall, in reprinting a page of her poems already given to the public in one of the Boston newspapers.

Cavil as one may at the discrimination of our magazines in matters of literary judgment, it cannot be denied that they are most open and unprejudiced in their reception of new aspirants in contemporary letters; and one must find it a pleasure to be in accord with the bestowal of so conspicuous a compliment as I have mentioned.

So far as actual achievement goes, Miss Hall's claim to attention among the younger writers of the day rests on three small volumes: "Verses," published in 1890; "Allegretto," published in 1894; and "Far from Today," a collection of short stories, published in 1893.

The most conspicuous, the most salient quality of the verse, it seems to me, is a very fresh and unlabored clarity of note, the native bubble of some wild thing finding voice, it knows not why, and cares not how.

"The night is black; the rain falls fine,
Incessant, vertical;
I stretch my arm through the dripping vine —
I like to feel it fall.

"I think of a garden that I know
Lying out in this quiet rain;
The crab-tree blossoms vainly glow,
The tulip's red in vain.

"One color, petals now and stem —
One bistre, green and pink;
Dear darkened flowers! I'm glad for them;
They thirsted, now they drink."

So light, so spontaneous, so unconcerned, so poetical, and yet so . . . Ah, I can almost imagine our realistic friends

relishing that poem, simple and delicious! And so indeed it is. Even that unhappy "bistre," like a blot on the artless pages of a child, cannot ruin what it mars.

A distaste for titles our author has, and a way of giving us a little bundle of poems unnamed or labelled only "Verses." Another of these untitled though aristocratic lyrics we may quote as an instance of this same freshness and spontaneity of utterance, as an instance too of that rare gift, the lightness of touch of one born to the manner, the ease of one who improvises with little tutoring, a convincing sign of authenticity, and the more needed now that so much is done at haphazard or by contrivance and cleverness.

"How dreary looks the ivied cot,
(Yet all is flush with May!)
How sad the little garden plot,
Since Mary went away.

"At morning to her window side
A flock of sparrows comes;
They wait and wonder, 'Where can hide
That Mary of the crumbs?'

"Below, the poor neglected flowers
In languid whispers sigh,
'Where's Mary of the grateful showers,
Will she come by and by?'

"And every night down in the lane,
Just past the gate, there stands
A youth whose face, wet with his pain,
Is hidden in his hands."

A little too sentimental, certainly, to be more than a minor poem, yet without strain, and in the faultless manner of a less crude, less frightfully in earnest century than this. To be Bostonian without being Bostonese, that is at once so difficult and so desirable. To be a local colorist without being local-colored, to be at once in and apart from his work, is the great difficulty and desire of the artist. And it is only by

acquiring the perfect manner and the perfect temper that he can hope to attain it.

But of all the lyrics I must think the following the finest, short as it is, and although

“Lightly one reads a little song,—
And all the dreaming goes
To make a ditty twelve lines long
Nobody knows.”

It is not to be found in either volume; I have brushed the dust from it in a file of *The Independent*, that generous storehouse of good poetry. It runs:

“A fair King’s daughter once possessed
A bird in whom she took delight;
And everything a bird loves best
She gave this favored one — but flight.

“It was her joy to smooth his wings,
To watch those eyes that waxed and waned;
To tender him choice offerings
And have him feed from her white hand.

“And every day she loved him more,
But when at last she loved him most,
She opened wide his prison door,
Content that he to her were lost.”

Such a thing is surely worthy of Blake, with his tenderness and his insight,—yes, and his peculiar cadence, too. Resemblances are bad, yet I cannot find the need to temper praise of so supreme a thing with any adjective, with any reservation, however delicate.

These few lines, it seems to me, along with many others as good, reveal a genuine song-throe, voluntary and uncompelled, unambitious at present if you will, yet already fine and of no scanty capability. That the song is a real song, and not a cunning bird-lure, is the first consideration to those who follow the woodland music. What its purport may be, how rich

or novel or thrilling or thin, matters less, and may well be left to each listener to determine as he will.

So much for the obvious charms of workmanship. Yet one cannot pass from the enjoyment of these poems, for all their untrammelled clarity of line and sincerity of cadence, without a feeling of fear that in their very spontaneity lies a danger,—a fear that their author holds but lightly in esteem the labor of the file, and is over-confident of the bounty of the muse. In reality the muse is often more prodigal than wise; she is an open-handed bestower of charity, seldom imposing obligations with her generous alms.

Inspiration is a moody nurse, and must often be teased for her best gifts. Crusty and jealous of her store, she relents to importunity with no impartial hand; and while, for all her seeming indifference, to her favorites fall the largest plums, it is usually the child of reserve who will come most meagerly away.

That inspiration should be indubitable, should be of pure gold, does not make the toil of the artist, the image and superscription, less necessary. Unminted metal is not current coin. And I marvel that the same voice which one hears in these faultless flute-notes —

“To be a little child once more
And in its dreamless cradle lie,
To hear a soft voice o'er and o'er
Refraining ‘Bye-low-baby-bye’—

“To be a child, be innocence
Of all that hath man's heart beguiled,
Yet know by some mysterious sense
How good it is to be a child!”

or in

“The melancholy moonlight, sweet and lone,
That makes to dream the birds upon the tree,
And, in their polished basins of white stone,
The fountains tall to sob with ecstasy.”

I marvel that the voice one hears in these so beautifully musical rhythms, is also to be heard saying anything so harsh as

"I cannot live — what shall I do?—
With this strange thing I idolize;
Crush doth it me and martyrize,
Wear out, destroy, breathe madness to —
I cannot live — what shall I do?"

"Crush doth it me and martyrize," — it is not easy to write a worse line than that. And the sin is greater just because it is a sin and not a fault, because it is the indulgence of a disbelief in art, not the faltering of incapacity. I pray for the conversion of this wayward child.

It is so easy to mistake for the very gist of the oracle what is really but premonitory verbiage,—the enshrouding safeguard of the god. One must not be misled by that, as even the greatest have been misled at times, as Browning was too frequently, and Wordsworth more often than one dare count. The duty of severe selection is the first high office of art, the trust imposed upon the artist as sanction of his authority. To neglect it is the mark of the amateur and the unscholarly. To follow it faithfully day and night, to be turned aside by no vagary of whim, no barbarity of dialect, no solecism of diction, is the least we have a right to expect from every novice in the beautiful college of art. Diligence, learning, humility, and the obliteration of self,—the wiping away of all that is hasty and abstrusive from every line,—without these there can be no achievement of style. Wordsworth, as Arnold justly said, has no style; nor has that arch offender against taste, the American Whitman. As Walter Pater puts it:

"For in truth all art does but consist in the removal of surplusage, from the last finish of the gem-engraver blowing away the last particle of invisible dust, back to the earliest divination of the finished work to be lying somewhere, accord-

ing to Michel Angelo's fancy, in the rough-hewn block of stone."

"The attention of the writer, in every minutest detail," to quote again from the same source, "is a pledge that it is worth the reader's while to be attentive, too, that the writer is dealing scrupulously with his instrument, and therefore indirectly with the reader himself also, that he has the science of the instrument he plays on, perhaps, after all, with a freedom which in such case will be the freedom of a master."

That is what I do not feel in this young writer's work; I do not feel that she is always dealing scrupulously with her instrument; I do not feel that without more care she can attain that close yet flexible adjustment of the clothing to the idea, which a consummate craftsman like Longfellow, for example, comes more and more to attain as life goes on,—until at last there is no hesitancy, no impediment at all, but his subject is revealed to us in an impression as clear as his own. To be able to affect his fellows now and then is not enough for the artist; he must be able to bring his fancy home to them, following its embodiment like a shadow; he must have, he must try to have, the freedom of a master.

Expression, the material image of thought, is an iron band which must be brought to a white heat in the furnace of the understanding, and shrunk on to the imaginative structure it is to uphold. For otherwise, and if the fancy be entrusted for preservation to some cold and set form of utterance, it will soon sag and warp, and lapse from its first fair symmetry into the ugliness of the commonplace in which it has been so carelessly committed.

So much for the technique, for the sensuous side of these poems. But Miss Hall has other claims on our attention, more lasting even than those of delicate and attractive execution. She is, to me, the possessor of two traits of bearing which go far to make the equipment of an artist, when supplemented by a generous culture, well nigh complete,—

two marks of a temper more admirably suited than all others to look out upon the world with an artist's eyes,—a sense of the sufficiency of life, and a sense of its richness and humor.

A sense of the insufficiency of life: without that there can be no art at all worth the name; without that, there is no outlook, no going to the threshold of the house of Being, and peering forth into the dark to see what of the night, while we of the fireside are taking our comfortable ease within; without that, there is no longing, no despair, no rebound of hope, no fortitude, no exultation, no futherance of the dumb desire of the world. A sense of the insufficiency of life,—how it made all of Shelley, all of Heine, and half of Omar! How it is the whole sum and substance of a minor poet like Philip Marston! How it hinders and oversets, like a too heavy wind, all but the deep-ballasted souls who will yet beat up to their haven in its teeth! How necessary it is, yet how futile alone! In excess, and without some reinforcement, it gives us the exquisite and purposeless spirits of no achievement, the Amiels of the world, the type of every age-end, love-sick for perfection and touched with the malaria of indecision, who watch the gorgeous opportunity go by, ever longing hopelessly to arrest their fleeting impressions and aspirations in some form of art, which experience has shown them is no more than just beyond their reach, and which culture has taught them never to relinquish for any less inevitable embodiment of beauty.

This is the feeling which must precede and forerun its own greater and more important complement, that sense of the sufficiency of life after all,—a high-born resignation, curious, glad and unperturbed. And these two currents of feeling, making between them the tide-streak of art, are always welling through the seething waste of human activity, for the buoying or foundering of new endeavor. In wavering balance, preponderating now to one pole, now to the other, now to sorrow and again to joy, now to rebellion and insistence and strain, and again to serenity, now to Byron and "The

City of Dreadful Night," now to Browning and Wordsworth and the large Homeric health,—this instability of mood, this ever inquiring oversight of mind, has driven us hither from beauty to beauty, and will drive us to the end. At times it is full of disquiet, sceptical, restless, mocking, setting no term to thought, no bound to speculation, no store by any fundamental creed, a self-pitying jest on the lips of futility and decadence. Then away it swings into blind assurance and bigotry and intolerance, the sword of Mohammed, the torture of the Inquisition, the piteous cruelty of African and Puritan hoodooism alike.

And again this sense of the sufficiency of life, permeated and made wholesome by the utter doubt beneath it, by the sense of insufficiency, comes rarely indeed, yet how encouragingly, to a slow poise in the steadfast few, in Marcus Aurelius and Omar and Shakespeare and Arnold, in the Emersonian smile and the Virgilian calm. Then how good it is,—how of the morning and the dew!

It seems to me I should always have most delight of Emerson in the early hours of a June morning, overlooking a Northern garden of birds and roses, a slant of silver river not far off, with a file of roadside elms and the blue untraversed hills beyond. This may well be only a personal taste, measuring off its judgments to the bias of memory; still, you will indulge me in the fancy for a moment! And the pagan Emperor, too, I should ask his companionship for those fresh deliberative hours, when the whole world is a marvellous and conquerable province of delight, waiting only to be possessed. For the evening and the chimney-side, under the heavy eaves of winter, Shakespeare, of course with all his followers,—that incongruous host in scarlet tatters and velvet dun, with valor and merriment and tears, the story-tellers of every land and time, who shall forever win us away from the burden of our ignobler selves, with their silver voices and their sense of the infinite richness and humor of life. So, little by little, one might come to acquire both these humanizing traits of

character, the simplicity of temper and the joyousness of disposition.

Well, then, it seems to me that Miss Hall shows herself again and again one in whom these good qualities are found. I feel that there is always likely to be in her work that nice balance between the vigor of joy, which is perennial, and the decrepitude of introspection, which is always modern. Well aware of the pathos of thought, she nevertheless cannot escape the happy, bubbling exigency of life. For instance, here:

" IN THE ART MUSEUM.

" He stands where the white light showers,
In his wonted high recess;
The dust has woven a soft veil
Over his comeliness.

" Beneath the pensive eyebrows
And lids that never beat
The same glance floats forever—
So sad and solemn sweet;

" The same peace seals forever
The full lips finely curled,—
I'm come to this his dwelling
To bring him news of the world :

" " Once more the Spring hath mantled
With green the lasting hills—
Hast thou no faint remembrance
Of daisies and daffodils?

" " Their stems still lengthen sunward
As when thou wast of us;
My heart swells with its sorrow
For thee— Antinous.' "

That poem reveals to us the most delightful of tempers, neither too sober nor too frivolous, meditative yet not self-centred, hardly self-conscious save in its exquisite manner,—the perfect temper revealed in the winning tone, the velvet

accent in the silken phrase. To the same buoyant, unharmed disposition, brimming with a sense of the sufficiency and richness of existence, we owe these nameless stanzas:

"Maid, when thou walk'st in Springtime,
Cast down thy simple eyes;
By no means let them follow
Two wandering butterflies.

"Ignore all tender nonsense
The warm wind may suggest,
Avoid to watch the swallows
Building their little nest.

"The sweet, seductive roses
Consider at no price—
A glowing rose might give thee
Some ill-advised advice."

and also that most deliciously whimsical address, "To a Weed." From the first verse,

"You bold thing! thrusting 'neath the very nose
Of her fastidious majesty, the Rose,
Ev'n in the best ordained garden bed,
Unauthorized, your smiling little head!"

to the last,

"You know, you weed, *I quite agree with you,*
I am a weed myself, and I laugh too,—
Both, just as long as we can shun his eye,
Let 's sniff at the old gardener trudging by!"

such good-natured bantering fellowship with nature; such a shaking the finger at one's garden companions! The large, tolerant, wise way of looking at this dazzling kaleidoscope revolving in the sun! Browning's way in his "Garden Fancies," and Shakespeare's in his serener hours. No quarrel with life, no ill feeling, no discontent. It is much to have reached that temper.

A mind at peace with circumstance, adjusted beforehand



ASRAEL
FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING
BY HARRY ELDREDGE GOODHUE
THE CHAP-BOOK
SEPTEMBER 1, 1894

to all the vagaries of chance, beyond the reach of rapture to intoxicate or misfortune to stun,—that is the best gift culture has to give, along with an added province of pleasure; and that is the first preparation we should require in an artist, in order that while he moves us to sorrow and tears, he may not move us from the centre of our being. This is the humor of the Immortals, the Olympian mood. Without a touch of it, one could not, I conceive, make such verses as those beginning,

“The sun looked from his everlasting skies.”

And humor too, a lesser, everyday humor, is the key-note of “Allegretto,” with its elogy that Mr. Locker might have written on poor “Mr. Anon”:

“What may his *petit nom* have been,
Poor All-forgotten, long ago?
How did his mother call him in
From play at bed-time? Might one know!
What did his love put after “Dear”
In her love-letter, when she wrote?
What did his wife, with voice severe,
Say when she found the blushing note?

“Charles! Edward! William! Peter! Paul!
Or was it James? or was it John?
The fact is, no one knows at all—
Alack-a-day! Poor Mr. Anon!” . . .

The short stories, “Far from Today,” have been deservedly well received. They are finished, slow-written, softly gliding tales of a country where the blight of a too scorching realism can never fall. They are more mature and rounded than the poems, more perfect expressions of the author's first intention; and in them she must feel, I think, that she has reached an ampler, more satisfactory utterance; they are a more valuable contribution to English literature, and come nearer being the best that can be done in their particular way. Yet we must all hope that Miss Hall will not allow

herself to be drawn aside altogether, by any success in prose, from devotion to a poetic power so undeniable as hers.

It was proposed that THE CHAP-BOOK should print a few contemporary impressions, and that the present paper might contain

"All that I know
Of a certain star."

It was urged that

"friends have said
They would fain see, too,
This star that dartles the red and the blue."

Alas, I regret they must solace themselves with my babble about it, with these attempts to describe "the red and the blue"; but one cannot always disregard the tradition of Letters which were once called Polite, and temerity is a fairy who was not at my christening. To take refuge in a metaphor: the vanity of gossip is large, and the meshes of the journalistic net are small; but if you conceal that contrivance under the name of Criticism, in the hope of throwing your luckless quarry and rifling his pockets of some precious sketch of a beautiful girl—No, I thank you! I shall be found in no such snare.

BLISS CARMAN.



IN HELEN'S LOOK

I STUDIED Life in Helen's look,
And knew that Life was mine:
Now she is dead, I close the book —
Death has no countersign.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

BY THE LITTLE WHITE PAN

"Noi leggevamo un giorno per diletto
Di Lancilotto, come amor lo strinse:
Soli eravamo e senza alcun sospetto."

HIS voice quivered and faded to a hushed sigh. The fountain behind them under the cypress sputtered and broke into a tiny chuckle as the stream tumbled over the gleaming pebbles,—over and over, till it was lapped up by the deeper water of the quiet sea at the edge of the shore. The little white Pan, who sat where the fountain first bubbled in the grass, seemed to grin more elfishly, and his marble fingers danced on his pipe; but the youth did not see this, for he was looking at his beloved.

His voice had been so low as he had read, that at first she did not feel that he was silent, but sat looking over the blue water to where a sail was skimming the sea-curve like a bird far off. For a moment she sat without moving: then her white hand crept into his, and her childish lips trembled softly.

"Go on, dear," she whispered.

He took up the book and went on, his voice softer and lower than before,—so low and sweet that the babble of the fountain thrilled through it all.

"Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse
Quella lettura, e scolorocci il viso:
Ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse."

He paused again to look at her with swimming eyes. The sun glinted through the cool shade of the cypress and crowned her youthful head with gold. Her slender throat pulsed quickly as her breath came warm and soft from her parted lips; but still she looked out at the distant sail. Then her hand fluttered in his, and he went on again, while the fountain chuckled more and more noisily at the feet of the little white Pan.

"Quando leggemmo il disiato riso
Esser baciato da cotanto amante,
Questi, che mai da me non fia diviso,
La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante:
Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse:
Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante."

The gilded book slipped from his hand to the stone ledge of the seat. The water bubbled and splashed and chuckled, and the elfish head of the little white Pan seemed to nod, and his fingers trembled on his pipe with glee. But the youth saw only his beloved.

He quivered like an aspen, and his heart rose within him till it choked him. He seized both hands of his beloved and drew her toward him till her young breath fawned on his cheek. The far-off look in her eyes had changed to the love-light the youth had longed to see, and she smiled tremblingly. Then, hand locked in hand, he drew her face nearer, wondering at her beauty,—nearer and nearer till their lips almost touched.

For a breathless moment he looked far down into her answering eyes; and then his fingers tightened over her hands and grew rigid, for her face had become strangely quiet, and her eyes that had been swimming with new-born love grew still as in a dream. He was so near her that he felt as if he were looking down into her soul through the deep blue lenses,—when suddenly the image, that had before been but his own face looking into hers, changed, and he sat numb with horror at the vision; for there in the wet light of her eyes were two figures, fantastically tiny; and yet so near he was, and so strained his sight, that, seeing nothing of the outer world but only the two dark discs, the figures seemed full-sized in an eternity of space, clear, vivid, inevitable. One was a maiden, slender and beautiful, although he could not see her face. She had risen reeling to meet one who came to her with arms outstretched. Swiftly, remorselessly, the drama of the vision went on, burning itself through the two

mirrors into the brain of the watching youth as he sat silent and tense with the exquisite agony of one who sees a crime committed, powerless to interfere. Quietly the pantomime glided on in the eyes, so near they seemed as if they were his own; the pantomime so minute, so portentous, so eternal. The youth stared fixedly, terror-stricken, while the tiny picture shook through his brain, vaster than reality. What did it all mean, he wondered in vague horror. Was it a deed his beloved had done—a foul stain that haunted even her eyes and her soul? Or was it a crime she had seen acted? Or was it only a vile thought that had come from him—that had stolen into his mind as he drew her to him, and that her eyes had mirrored from his own with faultless truth? He shook in an agony of uncertain fear and loosened her hands from his tight grasp.

The vision melted from her soft eyes, and the colour crept into her cheeks. She quivered slightly as if awakening. Then she smiled at him wonderingly.

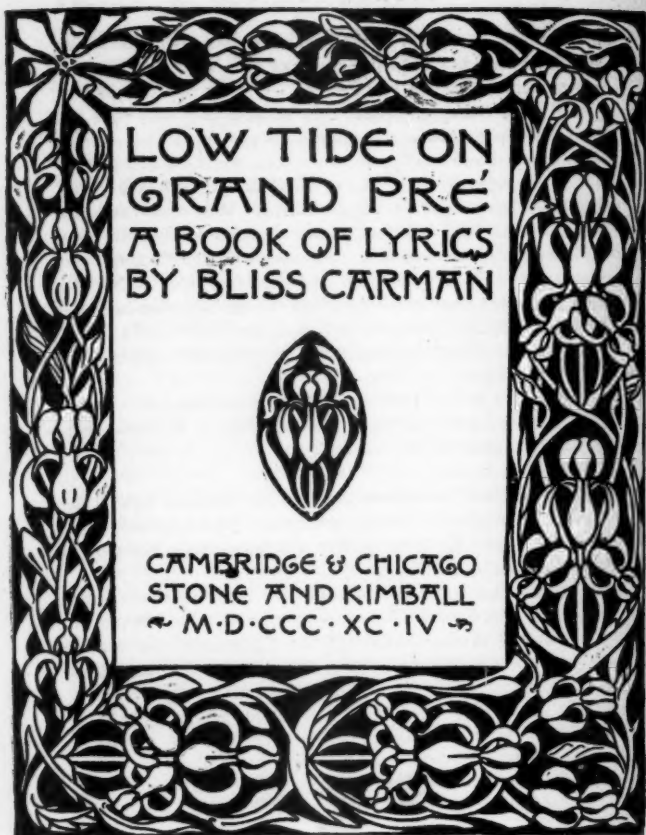
"What is it, dear heart?" she said.

He sat silent, breathless, and the joy that had lighted his face so short a while before was gone. Did her voice ring false or true? He rose swiftly and rushed from the garden with his face in his hands.

Out on the horizon the faint sail had vanished. The fountain sunk into a hushed sob; the head of the white Pan was hid in the shadow of the cypress, and his marble fingers were quiet; but the grass rustled softly as a little silver-throated snake hid under the gleaming pebbles.

PIERRE LA ROSE.





DESIGN FOR TITLEPAGE BY MARTIN MOWER

EPITAPH OF AN ACTOR

HERE lies a servant of the mimic art;
He pictured Life, its passion and its glee.
Death bade him play, at last, a grim-faced part,
His only make-up, man's mortality.

RICHARD BURTON.



NOTES

EVERY one knows the story of Whistler's celebrated reply to Oscar Wilde's envious exclamation of delight at a clever sketch of the eccentric painter,—how Oscar said, "Oh, Jimmy, how I wish I had said that!" and how Whistler answered, "Never mind, dear boy, you will,"—but every one does not know how during the time that they were friends that a kitten was given to Whistler, and that in token of affection and without undue curiosity he had named it *Oscar*.

Time passed, and Whistler's wife invaded the studio one day with a momentous announcement.

"Jimmy," said she, "did you know Oscar has kittens?"

"Impossible," said Whistler, laying down his brushes; "Oscar can't."

"Come and see," said his wife.

Together they went to where Oscar and the kittens lay.

Mrs. Whistler looked at her husband who stood for a moment in amazement and dismay.

"Never mind," he said; "they must be plagiarized."

I see by the not very markedly successful series of religious pastels which Oscar has inserted into the middle of the last *Nineteenth Century* that he has been turning his mind to the use of old faiths and creeds as valuable *motifs* in art.

In this he is only following the French, who as much as

four years ago were illustrating the life of Christ by wonderful *ombres chinoises* in the midst of the *saletés* of the *Chat Noir*, but it would seem from a conversation I had lately with that fantastic genius that he retains at least a humorous belief in the immortality of the soul.

We were talking about the French edition of "Salome," and how much better it was in that musical, suggestive tongue than in its translated English.

"Any transformation of English to French," he said, "is like turning silver into gold."

"But how difficult it is!" he exclaimed. "I tried once to translate the *Tentations* of Flaubert; it took me three days to do the first two lines. At that rate it will take me about four hundred years to finish it. Therefore," he continued, "I have decided that it shall be the first thing I do in the next world."

If Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins had published his "Change of Air" before the "Prisoner of Zenda" it would never have been heard of, and no one could complain about it; but coming as the successor of one of the best books of the year, it is sadly disappointing and strangely trivial. It is a very amateurish story, not a bit romantic in the sense that "Zenda" is, and containing hardly a suggestion of the real capabilities of the author. The dramatic interest is slight and is based on the absurdly extravagant hero-worship of an idiot doctor.

The thing is bad enough in itself, without the necessity of additional damnation from the publishers. "It suggests," they say, "through action, not through preaching, a lesson of moderation and charity,"—which, to say the least, is beautifully maudlin.

I cannot help wondering at the bad taste Mr. Hawkins showed in bringing out the book now: it knocks all one's plans for his future greatness on the head and starts the suspicion that "Zenda" may have been an accident.

I was looking through a collection of early Americana a few days ago and somehow was struck by the appearance of an old volume—famed in its day, but now near forgotten—"The Ladies' Monitor" by Thomas Green Fessenden. As I turned the leaves, something caught my eye on one of the pages. I stopped and looked at it. Two lines were written in lead pencil across the margin:

"That heaven's blessings may rest upon you is the most ardent desire of my heart.

Your most —"

And there it stopped. The last word had been erased. I was interested and looked farther. On the titlepage, in quite a different handwriting, was written:

"Harriet Curtis Woodward.
Hanover, Oct. 5th, 1818."

On the back cover, in still a different hand, was:

"Forget not your friend when
she's absent from you."

I wonder what the story is.

THE CHAP-BOOK

SEMI-MONTHLY

SUBSCRIPTION: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

STONE & KIMBALL

THE CAXTON BUILDING: CHICAGO

Entered at the Chicago Post Office as Second Class Matter

AMONG the contributors to forthcoming issues of *THE CHAP-BOOK* the following well-known writers may be mentioned:

PAUL VERLAINE.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

PAUL DU CHAILLU.

GILBERT PARKER.

BLISS CARMAN.

GERTRUDE HALL.

RICHARD BURTON.

HARRISON S. MORRIS.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

JOHN H. BONER.

RICHARD HOVEY.

EUGENE FIELD.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.



The Publishers have to announce that Numbers I, II, III and IV of THE CHAP-BOOK are now entirely out of print, and subscriptions can begin only with the issue of July 15.



The next number of THE CHAP-BOOK will contain an original poem by PAUL VERLAINE, reproduced in facsimile.

CRUMBLING IDOLS.

TWELVE ESSAYS ON ART by Hamlin Garland. Published by Stone & Kimball. 16mo, 192 pages. Cloth. \$1.25.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Literary World: "Mr. Garland studiously avoids specific facts. They would easily make an end of his sophomoric rhetoric." *Cincinnati Tribune*: "Every word of Mr. Garland's is interesting and suggestive. Naturally an enthusiast, he becomes here an apostle of freshness in our literary and artistic life. The book is a valuable contribution to our National critical writing." *Milwaukee Journal*: "Eastern critics may talk as they please and think as they please concerning the position taken by Hamlin Garland regarding Western art, in his recent publication, 'Crumbling Idols,' but a majority of those who have read that collection of essays, and carefully studied the true position of art in the West, will agree with him." *New Orleans Picayune*: "He seems to forget that if what has been will be, and what is has been, which is really the only excuse for studying the past; why, then, those who have come nearest to the truth in the past have come nearer to the truth of the present, the eternal truth, and must have some lesson worth learning, even for the most remote ages to come." *Chicago Post*: "It is worth while to read these essays and every word of them; and having read and re-read them, to chew the cud of the reflections they cannot fail to beget in every thoughtful mind." *New York Tribune*: "With the zeal of a new convert he starts out to subdue all the world to some very old theories; with short-sighted fanaticism he makes some minor and yet unsettled questions of art and letters the essential articles of a creed." *Sioux City Journal*: "It is worth while to have such an enthusiast among us, for he cannot fail of some influence in the right direction. In nothing has Mr. Garland done such a service to the reading and thinking classes of the midland region as in these essays. He is a thinker worth watching, a master to be followed." *New York World*: "The object of the book will meet with universal commendation." *Literary Weekly*: "It is a pleasure to read him at times in preference to Walter Pater." *Louisville Courier-Journal*: "A book that may be read with interest and profit."

MODERN : ART

If Europe be the home of art, America can at least lay claim to the most artistically compiled publication devoted to the subject that we know of. This is *Modern Art*.—*The Galignani Messenger* (Paris, France).

The most artistic of American art periodicals. . . . A work of art in itself.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A different spirit from that which pervades other art magazines underlies *Modern Art*.—*Boston Traveller*.

Even New York cannot rival it.—*The Critic* (New York).

MODERN ART is a quarterly art Magazine published in Summer, Autumn, Winter and Spring numbers, for subscribers, at \$2.00 a year. Each number contains four full-page illustrations, with many large initial letters, tail-pieces and other ornaments, some being printed in color. This, and the fact that it is artistically printed with luxurious margins on an imported, rough-edge, hand-made paper, make it unique among periodicals. Its aim is to give expression to the spirit of the art of today, and the majority of the articles in the magazine will always be written by working artists.

The edition is limited each time to the number of copies actually ordered. The set for 1893, the first volume, is now \$10.00. Sample copies (back numbers), fifty cents in one-cent stamps. Send postal card for illustrated sample page and circulars, free. The magazine can be ordered through book stores or newsdealers everywhere. Agencies in all principal cities. Foreign subscriptions, \$2.25.

\$2.00 a Year.

J. M. BOWLES,

23 North Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

MAURICE THOMPSON

LINCOLN'S GRAVE: A Poem. With a titlepage by GEORGE H. HALLOWELL. 16mo. \$1.00.

If we are not mistaken, a poem of permanent value was added to our literature when Mr. Thompson read these moving stanzas in Sanders Theatre last summer. . . . His art is well nigh perfect, and we are sure that the exalted patriotism of the poem will awake hearty response and acclaim wherever it may be read.—*Indianapolis News*.

GRANT ALLEN

THE LOWER SLOPES. Reminiscences of Excursions round the Base of Helicon, undertaken for the most part in Early Manhood. With a titlepage by J. ILLINGWORTH KAY. Crown 8vo. \$1.50.

BLISS CARMAN

LOW TIDE ON GRAND PRÉ. Revised and enlarged edition. With a titlepage designed by MARTIN MOWER. 18mo. \$1.00.

There is music, melody and the subtle quality of real poetry in this new writer's verse.—*The Literary World*.

HUGH McCULLOCH, Jr.

THE QUEST OF HERACLES AND OTHER POEMS. With a titlepage by PIERRE LA ROSE. 18mo. \$1.25.

There is here and there rare elevation and that quality of beauty with which the verse of Morris is redolent at times but too perfumed.—*TALCOTT WILLIAMS in Book News*.

Published by **STONE & KIMBALL**, Caxton Building, Chicago

McClure's Magazine

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE is designed to reflect the moving spirit of this time: by portraying, in close, personal studies, the character and achievements of the great men of the day; by reporting, through the contributions of those who speak with authority, the new discoveries, tendencies or principles in science and their application in new inventions; by describing great industrial enterprises and their effect upon contemporaneous life; and by giving to its readers the best imaginative literature by living writers—all presented with virile and artistic illustrations.

SOME OF THE CONTRIBUTORS.

R. L. STEVENSON,

RUDYARD KIPLING,

A. CONAN DOYLE,

OCTAVE THANET,

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS,

BRET HARTE,

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS,

STANLEY J. WEYMAN,

THOMAS HARDY,

GILBERT PARKER,

SARAH ORNE JEWETT,

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND,

ROBERT BARR.

For sale by all dealers. Price, 15 cents; \$1.50 a year.

BOUND VOLUMES I and II (June to November, 1893, and December, 1893, to May, 1894), postpaid, \$1.50 each.

S. S. McCLURE, Limited

30 LAFAYETTE PLACE,

NEW YORK

LIMITED EDITIONS

THE HOLY CROSS and Other Tales by EUGENE FIELD. 110 numbered copies (100 for sale) on Holland hand-made paper, with special table of contents giving the Author's dedications to the various tales. 8vo, \$5.00 net. (Only 14 copies remain.)

LOW TIDE ON GRAND PRÉ by BLISS CARMAN. 50 numbered copies on XVII century hand-made paper, signed by the Author and the Publishers. Square 8vo. \$3.50. (Very few remain.)

MAIN-TRAVELLED ROADS AND PRAIRIE SONGS by HAMLIN GARLAND. 110 numbered sets (100 only for sale) on large hand-made paper, each signed by the Author. In a box, 8vo, \$10.00 net. (Very few remain.)

THE QUEST OF HERACLES and Other Poems by HUGH McCULLOCH, JR. 50 copies on Dickinson hand-made paper. 8vo. Bound in full vellum and enclosed in a box. \$3.50.

THE BUILDING OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL by JOAQUIN MILLER. 50 numbered copies on American hand-made paper. 8vo. \$3.50 net. (Very few remain.)

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY: His Life and His Work by LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. 60 copies (50 for sale) on Holland hand-made paper. \$3.50. (Nearly ready.)

A LOVER'S DIARY by GILBERT PARKER. 60 copies (only 50 for sale) on Dickinson hand-made paper, with frontispiece in colours, by Will H. Low. \$3.50. (Very few remain.)

SONNETS and Other Poems by GEORGE SANTAYANA. 50 copies on English hand-made paper. 8vo, bound in full vellum and enclosed in a box. \$3.50. (Very few remain.)

LINCOLN'S GRAVE by MAURICE THOMPSON. 50 numbered copies on English hand-made paper. 8vo. \$3.50.

THE WORKS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. Edited by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN and GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. Large-paper edition, limited to 250 numbered sets for America, with a series of eight illustrations to the tales by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, a signed etching by Mr. Sterner,—not included in the small-paper edition,—proofs of all the pictures printed on India paper. 10 volumes on hand-made paper. 8vo. \$50. Sold only in sets. (Nearly ready.)

STONE & KIMBALL

The Caxton Building - - - - Chicago

Press of Graves & Henry, Cambridge